

DAMP AFTER EVENING,

and on the tube voice  
says some cold front  
coming in in a big way.  
not that i care any  
that much, considering  
i've been too sick to go  
out anyway, with this  
strep throat the doc told me  
is mine. so here  
i am on this couch here,  
sipping my tea and watching  
old movie after old movie,  
with my string of tiny white  
lights lit, this string  
which i take with me wherever i go.  
yes, i suppose that does  
make me sound like some kind  
of an idiot, as though  
that's all i do in life,  
travel around with a string of  
tiny white lights as my  
sole companion.  
ah, and if only that were the  
truth, yes. i could  
write a book about the adventures  
my lights and i encountered  
along the way.  
wouldn't that be sweet.  
so uncomplicated.  
so without responsibility.  
ah, the life of a scamp.  
it's such a basic desire it  
almost feels embarrassing  
putting it down here.  
maybe it is something that  
should only be blurted out  
over a glass of wine, and then  
amongst old friends who have  
similar desires.  
old friends who don't  
want to go to work  
mornings.

on the train traveling alongside the river  
the reflection in the window of a stranger's  
ear